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veil when she became the abbess of the convent she built in the valley between "The Brothers;" and how a youthful priest, in shivering her, was struck dumb, because he attempted to cut off a single lock of that long fair hair as an offering to his patron-saint or with impure affection, it never was ascertained which, and recovered it not until he had presented an enormous *gold chalice* to Geraldine's convent, or to the image of the Virgin there. Still I hurried on my route to Heidelberg.

After resting the night at Bingen, and being struck with the beautiful Roman bridge I crossed, I pursued my way, not stopping to look at anything, but muttering constantly to myself, "Yes, I will meet you both on the 17th of May;" "Nothing but death shall prevent my being at Heidelberg, and at the *Studenten-Kneipe* at the appointed time."

Weary was I, and so was Wilhelm, as could be clearly understood from himself, for he whistled no longer his favorite air, or endeavored to attract my attention by his "legendary lore," or a single remonstrance upon the jaded state of our horses and the little repose I had afforded either myself or him since we had left the comfortable little inn at Capellen. Perhaps the form and face of the pretty Margaret still floated over his remembrance, and added regret to his weariness. I had observed that he lingered a minute or so after me as I departed from mine host's, no doubt to give a parting salute to the cheek of his charming daughter. I read it thus in the self-satisfied smile that sat upon the rogue's lips, as he joined me, and demanded, "Whether Mynheer was not well pleased with the accommodation he had met at the Silver Swan?"

"Most truly, sir," answered I, smiling in my turn; "and, now I think of it, I had promised my little nurse a ducat for returning me—my *cigar-case*. Take it, Wilhelm, and present it to her, with my compliments, when next you meet."

"I thought I saw Mynheer presenting it himself," said Wilhelm, coloring deeply, which showed how closely he had been watching us both.

"True, Wilhelm, but she will not refuse another for the satisfaction she has given to my honest domestic at parting;" and I looked archly at him.

"Margaret would scorn to receive money for any favor she might be pleased to confer on those she liked," answered my servant, a little resentfully, and refusing to take the piece of gold I offered him.

"Pshaw, Wilhelm," said I; "if I had kissed the girl myself, and then paid her for it, you could only look as you now do. Tell her it is to buy a breast-knot, when she is to be married to a certain whistling, ghost-loving fellow, of the name of —."

Before I could pronounce it, Wilhelm had taken the piece of gold, and resumed his place in the rear. I saw how it was; he had often been at the "*White Swan*" before, and was the *fiancé* of the pretty Margaret.

But, wayworn and reflective, we were now approaching the ancient city of Heidelberg. It was evening, and, as I had computed well, it was on the 16th of May, the day *previous* to the mysterious appointment, signified by the beings I had beheld at Stolzenfels, whether of this world or not was yet to be known—whether intended for me that appointment, or for each other, was equally uncertain. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was, that I imagined the language used by these two white-robed, cigar-smoking gentry was *Irish*; but how they had been able to preserve that accent, if disembodied, was to me another wonder, for, though Irish myself, and consequently believing myself to be a descendant of "the most ancient race on earth," which the very name of our abode proves to have been styled "*believers*," when all the rest of the earth was in the very depth of darkness and superstition, as the great *Moullah Feroze*, the Palahir teaches us, that *Iran* is the plural of *Ein*, and means "the country of believers," or the *Sacred Isle*. I was puzzled. Perhaps it is accorded to them alone, I argued, to keep their peculiar accent, at least until they are quietly laid in their

grave. All this, and more, I probably may learn to-morrow; and I spurred on my wearied mare. At length we reached Heidelberg.

We passed through the *Mannheim* gate, and down the long *Hauptstrasse*, which appeared endless. I looked at many enticing inns, Brown Bears, Green Dragons, and White Harts, but rode on.

"Where will Mynheer please to alight?" ventured to ask the disconsolate Wilhelm. "There is an excellent hotel yonder to the right, beds fit for the emperor, and a larder that an archbishop would smile at;" but, without turning my head I rode on.

"They keep the finest *Johanisburg* and all sorts of wines at the Golden Eagle, just at that corner," remonstrated my nearly exasperated servant, riding up abreast of me, and touching his cap. "There is a terrible storm coming over the brow of the *Jettenbühl* yonder, where the castle stands, and, believe me, a storm in Heidelberg is no joke, Mynheer. They have a proverb here which I well remember, and the severe wetting I once got by not attending to it."

"What is the proverb, Wilhelm?" I asked, with most provoking indifference, my thoughts being on another subject.

"There is always much wisdom tucked up under the wing of a proverb," resumed my servant, brightening up at being requested to recite. He cleared up his throat, and began:

"When the *Jettenbühl* puts on his dark cap of grey,  
Both horseman and footman should hie them away;  
But when it looks black on the old *Odenwald*,  
Expect by the storm to be soon overhauled!"

Wilhelm gave me this Heidelberg proverb in its native German, knowing me to be a tolerable proficient in his language, but I have done the best I could to give it an English version.

"And there," added the poor fellow, "if Mynheer will but turn his head, he will see the black mantle gathering like a curtain, over the '*Odenwald*,' himself. Let me pray you to seek shelter somewhere. See, large drops are pattering on the pavement, and there is that awful stillness which always forebodes the bursting forth of the hurricane."

"Whereabouts, Wilhelm," I inquired, "is the great *Studenten-Kneipe* of Heidelberg? I shall lodge there to-night."

"Lodge at the *Studenten-Kneipe*!" uttered the man, in utter amazement. "Why Mynheer might as well attempt to get repose in the very entrails of Hell itself! It is quite clear *malor Anglaus* knows nothing of the *Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe*, or he would not have such a wish."

"It is for that very reason, my good fellow, that I am resolved to go," answered I, with cool determination; "so show me the way at once, for the 'black cap' on the '*Odenwald*,' I see, looks like that on a judge's head before he condemns a man to execution."

Wilhelm knew nothing respecting the customs of the judge in England, but he was aware that the storm was close at hand, and was willing to get shelter anywhere, knowing also, by the tone of his master, that he would be obeyed, he made the best of his way towards the favorite place of entertainment of the Heidelberg students, and much to the amazement of the host himself, demanded, "if his master, an *English lord*, (for English and Irish were the same to him, and all had patents of nobility,) could have accommodation there for the night?"

"We are seldom asked for *beds*, replied the rubicund landlord; "but," winking with his eye to the German servant, "we can deny no favor to the *English*, for reasons you and I understand well enough; of course I am not bound to supply your master with *sleep*, but he is welcome to lay himself down on my own bed, which is on the third story; but he must not mind our Heidelberg boys; they won't bear the muzzle on their mouths, and it is just now high change with them?"

"You have no private room here, I suppose?"

inquired Wilhelm; "and as for the horses, what are we to do with them?"

"There is a hostelry next door," said I, after reconnoitering the premises, "and you, Wilhelm, can take charge of them there: I shall not want your assistance here. Bring me up the little *valise* into my host's chamber, which he has so kindly promised me the use of, and call me precisely at six o'clock."

"There will not be much occasion for that," muttered Wilhelm, and I saw him put his hand significantly to his own head when he thought I was looking another way, and I began to think that the fellow was right. What had I to do, if in my sober senses, with this detestable, uproarious *Studenten-Kneipe*, the clamor of which nearly stunned me at the present moment, although I had not yet entered within its doors? Why should I follow up an adventure which had already produced on my weak frame insensibility and horror? What might it not lead to? But *Destiny*, or rather my own *will*, worked up to an unnatural state of obstinacy, would listen to no arguments. I determined that I would be at the *rendezvous* of the mysterious pair on the 17th of May, and see what would come of it.

In entered, when I had thus made up my mind, with sort of desperate courage; as if, like an instrument, I had wound myself up until every string was ready to crack. I entered into the principal hall of the Pandemonium; all the windows were open, and yet so dense was the atmosphere from tobacco-smoke that I could discern nothing, and actually stumbled against one of the four long tables that ran through the immense room, and, had I not been guided to a seat in a distant corner by "mine host," should never have found my way. I was perfectly stupefied with the fumes around me, deafened by the various shoutings, yelling, vociferations, and uproar, that met my ear. I could distinguish no particular sound, where so many co-mingled and sought for mastery. But tallow-candles were, at length, brought in abundance; I had two placed on my little table, and some refreshment, such as it was, and they could begin dimly to perceive, through the clouds of smoke some of the principal objects in this extended hall, which was anything but a "Hall of Science."

"I smell a fox," cried the president of the night, a pale thin young man, seated in an old high-backed elbow-chair with two tarnished gilt lions at the front corners, which was mounted upon a couple of empty beer-barrels. "Silentium!" he roared, striking with his long wand of office the empty barrel nearest to him; "smell, I say, a nasty skulking fox in yonder corner; hunt him out, and let us single his brush."

My host interfered, and let the president know, with a deep sonorous voice, that the fox, that is, myself, a *new-comer*, was under his especial protection, his guest, and moreover, an English lord upon his travels.

(To be Continued.)

## CANOVA AND HIS WORKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. L. FERNOW.

[Concluded.]

The true meaning of the assertion that there is but *one style*, may at first sight appear to contradict another principle, namely, that each figure must have its own style. But both express the same meaning, only in different words. For style, we repeat, is the aesthetic character of a work of art, as inherent in the object—it springs from the relation between the specific form and the individual modification of it. This relation must exist in all works of art, and so far the style is in all essentially the same. But in every artistic ideal this relation receives a different shape, and out of this difference arise multiplied varieties of character. Thus far, every work of art has a style of its own, in accordance with the peculiarities of its character, but this style can only

be a modification of that *one style* which is the æsthetic character generally of all the manifestations of art.

Since we here approach so closely to the idea of the beautiful in art, we add a few words in passing, for the consideration of those who maintain that it consists entirely in the characteristic, and who cannot comprehend that truth and beauty, both in idea and reality, are totally distinct, although blended so untimely in art as to make but one individual impression.

In the artistic ideal, which always consists of two elements, the permanent type, and the individual variation from it, (by which it is limited to a precise ideal,) the beautiful pertains to the former of those elements—the characteristic, on the contrary, arises out of the latter. As without an individual limitation of the ideal, no visible manifestation could be possible, so, too, no beauty could exist without truth; and the individual character which limits the ideal, defines in each case the kind of beauty most appropriate to it. But this by no means justifies us in assuming that truth and beauty are the same quality. Beauty, therefore, belongs principally to the style, truth to the character.

In the individual works of nature, beauty appears as an accidental quality, for in them the specific form is frequently overpowered by the accidental variations, so that it disappears as it were beneath them, or is obscured by their preponderance. But, for this very reason, they are only the more characteristic, nay often approach to the very verge of caricature, which deviates so widely from the primary type of the species, as to disfigure it seriously.

It is only in the ideal of the human form, which excludes all that is accidental, that beauty appears as a necessary element—involved as it is in the essence, it must be outwardly displayed in the specific form of man. Beauty is inherent also in every artistic ideal in which the specific form ennobles, and prevails over the individual. An artistic ideal is therefore the more beautiful in proportion as the specific form is pure and conspicuous, and the smaller are the deviations from it; and on the contrary, the artistic ideal is less beautiful, but more characteristic, in proportion as it circumscribes the specific form by strongly marked individual modifications, and thus approaches more nearly to the forms of actual nature. Beauty, therefore, so far from coinciding with the characteristic, although to our perception blended in one common feeling, differs from it in its essence, as in its source—as, to use a little comparison, yellow differs from blue, though in their combination, green, they appear as one color.

It is evident from what has been said on the nature of sculpture, that how different soever the spirit of our time, the tone of our culture, our religious, our social condition, our habits, and the whole range of our conception, from those which prevailed formerly—still the aim, consequently also the style of ancient and modern art, are essentially the same; to us, as to the ancients, it can be no other than the manifestation of beauty in the ideal, under certain conditions of character. If it cannot be shown that the specific form of human nature is different in the modern, the ideal of form, and consequently the style of modern sculpture, must necessarily be the same as among the ancients. And if it can be conceded that we moderns can practice sculpture at all, it can be only under the guidance of those principles, however different be our subjects, which carried the sculptors of antiquity to such perfection. In the invention of new combinations, as has been already remarked, the modern artist has free scope for the greatest possible extension of the domain of his art; but in the style of representing them there is but one path, and this the ancients have pointed out to us; the artist of our day, as far as style is concerned, has therefore no choice but to follow faithfully the style of the antique.

If we now proceed, on those principles to pronounce our judgment on the most celebrated

modern sculptors, and their works, we shall, perhaps, draw upon ourselves the charge of undue severity. But when certain works have been ranked by the public with the highest of antiquity, we cannot see the injustice of instituting a critical comparison, or of testing their value by the highest and only true standard of art. If it should ultimately appear that modern sculpture has been overrated, it would only prove what every really impartial critic has admitted, that hitherto no modern has rivalled, far less excelled, the sculptors of antiquity. Moreover, a strict examination, based on the true principles of art, is the only means of arriving at a precise and trustworthy opinion of the merits of a modern artist—though, at the same time, we must not lose sight of the various external circumstances, his period, his talent, and the other inevitable and controlling influences to which he is subjected. If, modern artists, in the production of their works, have mistaken the principles of the ancients, or had the models of ancient sculpture less constantly before their eyes than they ought, still the critic must not be deterred from judging them by those models and principles, which, in his estimation, are the only true and correct ones. Or else, it must be proved that modern art has other principles to guide it, and is consequently to be measured by another standard.

Among all the sculptors of modern times, none has possessed the gift of genuine originality, or the genius for producing individual characters, in so high a degree as Michael Angelo; or rather, indeed, he only possessed it. His works, stamped with a peculiar and strongly-marked character, are ideal creations of the imagination. They are pregnant with all the energy and greatness of his spirit. The works of ancient sculpture threw the first ray of the ideal into his soul. But the originality of his forms, the wild gigantic grandeur which distinguishes them, he could not have learned from any ancient model; they are the offspring of his own creative spirit, the impress of his own individual soul. All the ideal forms in his sculpture, as well as of his painting, are giants of a particular race, as different from the gods and heroes of the Greek world of art, as from our common human nature. The style of his works like their character, is always grand, and always directed to the ideal; but his grandeur is never pure, rarely accompanied by beauty, generally allied with the accidentals of common nature, often little more than common nature on an enlarged scale, as is seen in his Moses; more especially, and the allegorical figures on the monument of the Medici at Florence. The grandeur and power of his works belong to the individuality of the artist, but not always to the objects represented, intimately as they may appear blended with their character; hence the uniformity of expression, however varied the subject. Every where the daring manner of the artist obtrudes itself in his works, in the gigantic forms and proportions of his figures, in their vehement action and strongly-contrasted attitudes, in the dark and defying sternness of their gestures. The exaggeration of Michael Angelo's manner is only endurable in his works, because it is associated with true grandeur, with extraordinary feeling, and profound knowledge, and so has been transferred as a constituent into the very character of his creations. That it is *manner*, strictly speaking, is proved by the uniformity of the impression produced by all his works; but through all this uniformity bursts the light of an original mind, and the sublime genius.

If modern sculpture can in any case lay claim to a character of its own, it is assuredly in the works of M. Angelo; and if he had fulfilled the demands of art with regard to purity of style, and objectivity in manifestation, in at all the same degree as he satisfied those of characteristic individuality in his paintings and his sculpture, his works might have claimed the name of classical among the moderns; but by impurity of style and mannerism of expression, they have forfeited this distinction. It might, perhaps, have been possi-

ble for the Greek school, with its fixed rules and systematic treatment of art, to have subjected this stubborn and gigantic spirit, to have tempered his wild daring to a calm and noble grandeur, and raised his manner to a purer style. But in his age, when only a few fragments of ancient art had been rescued from the tomb of destruction, and the moderns, with uncertain steps, still tottered in the leading-strings of imitation, his genius could only follow its own strong impulses. Grand and vehement, like the creative genius of an Æschylus, a Dante, and a Shakspeare, he broke through the narrow limits of his art, and raised it, by his mighty arm, to the lofty region of the ideal; but, like them, too, he was incapable of molding to that beautiful union of genius and taste which Phidias and Sophocles, and, among the moderns, Raphael was privileged to effect, and which alone can give birth to works truly classical. Michael Angelo's merits, like his faults, are thus exclusively his own; but he has still a rightful claim, founded both on his original and truly plastic genius, and his profound knowledge of the human form, to the first place among modern sculptors. Anatomical correctness of form is, indeed, the mere means to an end, and, in æsthetic criticism, is not taken into the account, as in each case technical correctness is always pre-supposed; but the artist is bound to give to it his earliest attention, as a first and necessary condition of beauty; and it is as essential to the artist to have this means completely at command, as it is to the poet to have a perfect mastery of the prosody and grammar of his language—both are the necessary conditions of every classical work, for correctness is always the real groundwork of beauty. The study of anatomy is of such vital importance to the artist, that even great talent has sometimes failed to attain the excellence otherwise within its reach, because a well-grounded knowledge of the bodily structure was wanting. Without its aid the most fertile imagination can never embody its creations.

The sculptor, especially, whose art is limited to Form, must thoroughly understand the structure and mechanism of the human frame in all its minutiae, and be completely the master of all the leading outlines of its form. Then only his imagination can proceed, without obstruction, in accordance with the demands of art, to mold and embody its creations. We should not have here touched upon this point, if we did not suspect that the want of precision, truth and firmness of outline, which is to be seen in most of Canova's works, was partly owing to the want of a well-grounded knowledge of anatomy. It is true, that a preponderating inclination of the soft, tender, and melting, may seduce even a well-grounded artist into a want of decision; but a predilection of this kind is frequently itself in the way of any thorough course of study. Michael Angelo's anatomical knowledge was so great, so extraordinary, that it may be doubted if any ancient master, if even the creators of the Laocoon, the Borghese Gladiator, and the wrestlers, possessed a deeper insight into the structure and mechanism of the human frame. But they made it subordinate to the real aim of art, the true and beautiful delineation of the object. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, gloried in his learning, and too often blended the means with the end. The greater number of his works seem to be designed purposely to display his amazing knowledge of anatomy. It was, however, eminently useful in his paintings no less than his sculpture, and renders them an inexhaustible school of design for all artists. No painter has more thoroughly understood the mechanism of the human frame, or given such relief to his figures on a flat surface, as Michael Angelo.

About a century after him, Bernini gave quite a different form to sculpture. He was the originator of a new manner, the founder of a numerous school, whose sway extended over the whole of Europe, and continued down till the middle of the last century. The talents of this artist were great, vigorous, and prolific, but his taste was as remarkably extravagant. Destitute of the crea-

tive power which reveals itself in the production of new combination, his ill-regulated efforts after originality were unhappily directed to the style of art, which, in the very midst of the master-works of antiquity the misapprehended and debased in an inconceivable manner: as though he would annihilate all truth and beauty in art, and leave it entirely at the mercy of the most unbridled fancy. In truth, extravagance of taste could scarcely be carried further in sculpture than in the works of Bernini and his school. Bones of exaggerated size; muscles swollen into mountains, in his men; soft bloated flesh, voluptuous forms, surpassing even Rubens, in his women; ill-formed scrofulous children; draperies, to be compared only to the waves of a stormy sea suddenly turned into stone; distorted features, frantic faces, wildly dishevelled hair and beard; attitudes in violent contrast, the gesture of insanity, impetuous movement, without aim or reason; and a treatment of the marble, giving it, by high polish, an almost gelatinous softness, are the chief beauties of that style, which, in its day, enchanted the amateur and connoisseur, and inundated France and Italy during a whole century with its deformities. But it was not sculpture alone that was thus misused, a similar corruption of taste prevailed like an epidemic in all the other departments of art. Marino and his followers, in poetry—Lanfranco and Pietro da Cortona, in painting, Borromini, in architecture—were all guilty of like extravagance: but the enormities of Bernini were the greatest—most repulsive. Strictly speaking, this hateful manner had been transferred to sculpture from painting, and Algardi had already laid the foundation of it; but in his hands it was kept within bounds; Bernini alone had the hardihood to introduce in sculpture the license which Lanfranco and Pietro da Cortona permitted themselves in their ceilings and cupolas.

Canova is the third artist who has marked a new epoch in modern sculpture: and perhaps, as the founder of a new manner, he is also to be considered the head of a new school. Soon after his appointment of inspector of the papal museums, he was invited to Paris by the then First Consul, to execute his likeness. If his manner had once been introduced into France, he might, like Bernini, have ruled the taste of Europe, from Rome and Paris. But since this period several clever artists have appeared in Rome, and undertaken works of importance: the French academy has been also re-established, and its pupils have strictly adhered to the manner of their own school, and by a healthful emulation divided the interest of the public. The overweening predominance of one manner, which soon calls up a host of lifeless imitators, and might have drawn the attention of the young artist from the study of the antique, was thus at least retarded, as was certainly to be earnestly desired, for the interests of modern art.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

AT SEA,  
ON BOARD CITY OF BOSTON,  
February 5.

"M—," said mamma, "you had better get up now and go on deck. The morning is fine; go out and look about, and try to find something to put into a letter." "There is no use in going out to look for wonders, for there are none," replied M— tersely; "and as for writing, there is nothing to write about, except that I feel more like a dog than a Christian."

And this is high noon of our fourth day out: with fair winds we are skimming along the banks; a brilliant sky bends over us, and this February sun shines down with a June's resplendent glory. But thus it has not been altogether since the day of our sailing; for adverse winds and a stormy sea were our escort from out New York harbor; so that, with sick, saddened hearts we crept down to our little berths before the last glimpse of our

dear native island had fairly vanished from our departing gaze. For the two succeeding days I had ample time for reflection—time to consider whether it were better to leave the home-joys, the bright, unbroken home-circle, with Bridget as its ministering angel, to endure for a time this *mal de mer* and consequent discomforts, to seek for the dream of youth, those golden apples which grow only in the distant, magic gardens of Hesperides. But this morning, from my exalted berth, I peer through the port, and lo, the triumphant sun! With conquering beams he disperses the leaden clouds, and breaks up the dark green waves into a thousand golden ripples. But to account for this unusual lassitude and illness I feel, I, who am no novice at sea, am somewhat at a loss. Perhaps it is owing to the excessive heat communicated from the steam pipes that convey the hot air around the ship—possibly to the want of interest in our company. There are but thirty passengers, reckoned as the Grand Army was wont to record the number of her wounded and killed. Of course the steerage do not count. It would scarce be expected that, lying in my berth, I should have made many acquaintances among the passengers, the most noticeable of whom, I have heard mention, are two lunatics and a wandering Spaniard—not especially alluring! This knight errant from the domain of romance and chivalry holds a cabin adjoining mine, in which he stables one dog, two parrots and himself. One of the unfortunates heretofore mentioned was a volunteer soldier during our late unhappy war, and rose to the rank of Colonel. He is now, I understand, a partner in a large mercantile firm on Broadway. His temporary insanity is occasioned by intemperance. The first day out he was detected in an attempt to throw himself overboard. His case has occasioned great commiseration, although his affliction is entirely self-imposed.

But the lassitude of which I complained, although unmoved by the morning's splendor, has yielded to quite a different remedy. As our Captain did not find one of our little party at his table when he came to his morning meal, he sent down Tommy with his compliments, and an inquiry after Mrs. C. and her daughters. "Oh," I said to the handsome, dark-eyed boy as he delivered his message, "we are all very ill. I scarcely slept a moment during the night." Meanwhile our good natured stewardess had been endeavoring to tempt my languid appetite with all kinds of enticing edibles, and finally persuaded me to allow her to bring to me just the least bit of broiled ham, which she assured me would be a delightful relish. I consented, but to my surprise when the ham arrived, my dainty morsel had swollen into an enormous slice, sandwiched between two fried eggs. Now as I was hesitating whether to attack this formidable repast, or to content myself with its fragrant exhalation, glancing into the passage way to my consternation I saw our splendid Captain peering through my window. Concerned for us by the report that had reached him, he had hastened down to pay a visit of condolence; but upon perceiving my plate he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he thought we looked uncommonly well for a party of invalids.

Feb. 9th.

Ocean voyaging has not hitherto been the theme of extravagant eulogy, at least not by the travelled. True, poets have sung the praises of

the ocean in strains almost as profound as the ocean's depth; but they were land poets who reposed at home in soft beds, poets whose enthusiasm had not been tested by the vicissitudes of seafaring. However, the magnificent night-picture which met me when I went on deck this evening to look after the young moon, was quite compensating for the two thousand miles of sea sickness that I had endured. I found the moon's silver crescent expanded to a shining shield, and her reticent beams casting over the sea's face a glittering veil as she lay in her moon-dream, while the ebon brow of Night, like that of an Orient princess, was bound with a jewelled coronet of ever varying hues.

Oh, the treacherous sea! how could I have suspected last evening when she won my heart by her wondrous beauty, as she lay all calm and silent in the moon's cold embrace, what potent wrath lay concealed in her deceitful bosom. For the last twenty-four hours the sea has been awfully magnificent; a fierce war has been raging between waves and wind. The spectacle has been most sublime to the eye, but to the stomach,—ugh!

But the voyage with all its dullness will soon terminate. The Irish coast is within a day's sail, and we are nine days out: a fine run, the Captain accounts it. For the last two or three days, flocks of wild sea gulls have been our convoy. They have fluttered about the ship, and it has varied the monotony somewhat to cast food upon the waters, and watch them as they scramble for it. And if our voyage has been wearisome, it has not been owing to any forgetfulness from the ship's company. A good library is provided, containing the works of the inimitable Dickens, of Thackeray and Bulwer, and miscellaneous books by authors of less renown. To anticipate every taste, there are works upon navigation, science and travel, and for the pious, Bibles, and books of Common Prayer. And the table, a great consideration to sea travellers, will compare favorably with our best hotels. Four times a day the cloth is laid; at nine A. M., at twelve, at four P. M. and at eight. At the morning meal and at dinner the Captain is seated at the head of one of the tables, and the ship's surgeon at another; lunch, and the evening tea the Captain eschews. Never did a more delightful commander sail the seas than Captain Brooks, but unfortunately for the *City of Boston* this is the last voyage that he will make in her. He is soon to take command of the *City of London*, which is now being enlarged, repaired, and fitted up as a first class steamship.

As I close this letter, the usual excitement anticipatory of disembarkation prevails. A few of our passengers leave us at Queenstown; among them one of the unfortunate gentlemen with the aberrated intellect. Farewell to old Neptune's treacherous domain: before the morning's dawn we shall have entered St. George's Channel.

CECILIA.

#### ART MATTERS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SOUTH ROOM.

Whitredges "Autumn Woods," No. 385, is by no means up to the gentleman's usual standard, being weak in color and totally lacking in effect.

No. 393. "The Roman Mother," by E. H. May, is a fine piece of bold, striking color, the draw-